

HIS FIRST PENITENT.

By KATHLEEN MATHEW.

(Copyright, 1898, by Kathleen Mathew.) PART I.

Midnight rang out from the bell of St. Sebastian's Catholic church, the most fashionable church of that denomination in New York City.

It was a hot, oppressive August night. The air was heavy with electricity that would not burst and sweep some of the awful humidity from the atmosphere.

In the rectory adjoining the church the pastor and his two domestics, an old housekeeper and a man servant, had, in accordance with their usual custom, gone to bed quite early.

But Father d'Arcy, the young curate, still sat at his study window, looking out at the night, or seeming to do so.

He was a very handsome man, with the kind of face that men trust and women love. The kind of face that haunts one who has once seen it, because of something strangely prophetic in the eyes.

This something it is hard to define, but most people have felt it at times. There are eyes with nothing behind them. You feel that tomorrow they will go out forever.

But these other eyes, the prophetic ones, seem to foretell an immortal future, here or in other worlds. Who knows? Only, with or without reason, you feel sure that somewhere, forever, they will continue to see.

Two months before Henry Arthur d'Arcy had completed his long clerical course, and amidst the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic church had been solemnly ordained a priest.

On the day of his ordination, as he lay prostrate at the foot of the altar before uttering the last vows of consecration, what hopes, ambitions and resolutions were reflected on the camera of his mind!

The good he would do! The wonders he would accomplish in the world. Like another savonarola, he would wage war against the superstition that made a serfdom of God's service.

Single-handed and alone he would sweep from the eyes of the multitude the cobwebs of credulity which impeded their progress. He had found the light, and he wanted all the world to enter into the grand curve of its orbit. And perhaps—some day—involuntarily his eyes wandered to the episcopal throne, where his grace the archbishop sat in mitred and regal dignity.

He lived further down in a less imposing but comfortable and commodious bishopric. The archbishop was a tall, dignified, but benevolent looking man, with masses of snow-white hair, and very penetrating dark eyes that invariably gave one the impression of reading him through and through.

People rarely lied to his grace, owing to the tradition that it was useless to do so, as he always could see to the bottom of the well.

He was a profound scholar, knew all the languages, living and dead, and moreover had the reputation of being more liberal in matters pertaining to church and state than most of his brethren.

When Father d'Arcy was announced he had just finished breakfast, and was scanning the morning papers.

He was rather surprised at this untimely visit from the young priest, but his ready penetrative powers, sharpened by long and constant practice, at once told him that the business which had brought him there was of more than ordinary importance.

After they had been closeted together about ten minutes the archbishop touched the bell beside his chair. It was immediately answered by his private secretary, the only member of the household who had the privilege of approaching his grace in his private quarters.

"George," said the bishop, "it is now 9 o'clock. For the next two hours I desire to be entirely undisturbed. Say to all inquirers that I am engaged on important matters, and must not be interrupted."

"Now, my son, continue your story," said the bishop, fixing his penetrating eyes on the pale, agitated face of the priest. "Conceal nothing of the mental struggle through which it has been His will that you should pass. Then, in the capacity of your unworthy superior, I will counsel you what course to pursue."

"However faulty this advice may seem to you, remember that your vow of obedience binds you, in the interests of our holy mother, the church, to submit to the dictates of those in whom she has vested the episcopal power. Obedience is the noblest and first duty of a priest. In fulfilling it all further responsibility is swept from your soul."

Two hours later Father d'Arcy walked up the avenue toward St. Sebastian's church with the light, swinging, upright gait of one who has suddenly thrown off a great load.

see justice ride triumphant through dark places? Perhaps the Virgin understood, and the woman in her throbbled to his suffering, for presently a gleam of light—the first in weeks—shot through his mind.

Why not go and seek counsel of higher powers in this dark hour of struggle and uncertainty? Why not seek out his bishop, a man of ripe experience, most noble character and cool, righteous judgment? Why not ask him to disentangle this mysterious web of duty and justice, and abide by his decision?

No sooner had this idea presented itself to Father d'Arcy than he resolved to act on it. For the first time in many weeks he seemed to have grasped a something he could lean on. He wondered that he had not thought of going to the archbishop before.

O, the relief at reaching a decision after such a long, miserable period of mental unrest and uncertainty; the comfort of sharing the burdening responsibility with other strong shoulders!

He immediately remembered his resolve of the previous night, and he determined to act on it at once, for he feared some impulse might make him change his intention and pursue, instead, on his own responsibility, one or other of the courses he had so often almost decided on during the mental torture of the last two weeks.

Twenty years ago the Catholic archbishop of New York did not occupy the handsome white stone residence on Madison avenue and Fifth street, where that dignitary now resides, to the rear of St. Patrick's cathedral.

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Twenty Years Later—Delmonico's at Eight.

That the world has gone well with Arthur Van Doran, banker, none can deny. In Wall street, where his banking house stands, his luck is proverbial. His every surmise seems an inspiration. Everything he touches turns into gold. Those who know him well say that the integrity of his character can only be equalled by the phenomenal success of his enterprises. And, strange to say, he has no enemies, which is a highly exceptional state of affairs with a man who, by his own labors, has attained so much prominence and prosperity.

He is adored by his employees, for his success is proportionately theirs. All the men in New York best worth knowing are his friends and to a man they speak of Van Doran as the prince of good fellows.

A year ago, in the spring of 1885, Mr. Van Doran made up his mind to go abroad for three months and knock leisurely about Europe, returning in August to Newport, where he owns a superb country home. For the voyage he engaged the handsomest deck suite on board the steamship Campania, as he was to be accompanied on the trip by his wife, a very charming woman and a very prominent member of New York's exclusive set.

The evening before sailing Mr. Van Doran gave a stag dinner to six of his most intimate friends.

His wife had suggested the Waldorf, but Van Doran, like a great many other New Yorkers of his age and set, preferred dear old Del's, where he and his chums had merrily wined and dined long before an Astor thought of putting up the big red hotel.

So Delmonico got the order, which consisted of two words, "carte blanche," with the additional proviso that every luxury, both in and out of season, should be served up to his guests.

The evening set for this dinner was Friday, April 24, at 8 o'clock, as the Van Dorans sailed on the Campania the following day at noon.

The invitations were limited to six old and intimate friends of the host. There was his lawyer, Mr. Smythe Brown, a man about Van Doran's own age, and a shining luminary in the legal world of New York. For many years he had transacted all the legal business of the Van Doran banking house, and was consequently on terms of great intimacy with his head.

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A Game With a King. A Kingdom for the Winning.

This is the Striking Motif of a Brilliant New Serial Story entitled

Which will begin publication in the Omaha Sunday Bee, June 18.

A Modern Mercenary

By E. & H. HERON, Authors of "Tammer's Duel," Etc.

A STORY that gallops from the first line to the last, that tells a chivalric and intensely dramatic love story, that follows the intricate plottings of master diplomats.

"The plot is fresh, the intrigue ingenious, the portraiture vivid and the treatment unhackneyed. . . Altogether this is a fierce and vivid romance."—London Spectator.

Curiously enough the collaborators bear the unusual relation of mother and son. E. & H. Heron is the name de plume for K. & Hesketh Peichard. They have already published several powerful short stories and serials, but "A Modern Mercenary" is their best and latest novel, a story which is attracting wide-spread interest in England.

The players of this Game with a King, the prize of which is the winning of a kingdom, are Count Sagan, a gruff, unscrupulous, reckless giant, the commander of the guards of Maasau. He plays as a tool in the hands of Seldorf, Chancellor to the King, the "man of the hour." And behind these two, old Major Counsellor, representing England, the shrewdest diplomat of Europe, and Baron von Elmer of Germany, play the intricate keys of diplomacy. The King of Maasau, who is weak, wornout and suspicious, is a mere puppet in the hands of these master players. The pawns of the game are John Rallywood, the Modern Mercenary, a straight back, fearless young Englishman who fights a duel as cheerfully as he makes love to a nobleman's daughter; Valeria, the heroine, and the Countess Sagan, who loves the hero and appears as Valeria's bitter rival. All this takes place in the independent state of Maasau, which is so small that it is hardly noticeable even on the largest sized map of Europe.

The Omaha Sunday Bee,

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In the hope that it holds out more material promise. Also, the great coffee districts, which reach almost to the city's edge, demand laborers for longer periods of the year, and lastly, the rate of wages has been for the past few years, slightly higher than elsewhere; a few centavos a day, where the usual wage is low, means a marvelous amelioration in the condition of the laboring man. While Mayaguez ranks third commercially, and supplies very little territory with imported merchandise, industrially or in the manufacturing of products it leads the other cities and gives steady employment to many men. There are four big coffee mills, which convert the sun-dried coffee, brought over the trails from Mayaguez, Utuado and Lares districts, into a fine export article by removing the second hull, bluing and polishing. In exportation of this product it is second only to Ponce. This town also leads in the shipment of fruit abroad, principally to the United States.

Hard on the Doctor. Dr. Nedley, who has just died in Dublin, was one of the last of the mid-century Irish who are remembered. One he used to tell against himself apropos of his own medical licensure of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. One Sunday afternoon a crowd was standing outside a public house before the door, which opened out to let him pass. Dr. Nedley, who was a very old man, was approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass. Dr. Nedley, who was a very old man, was approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass. Dr. Nedley, who was a very old man, was approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass.